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CHAS. M. MEACHAM

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**WATCH THE DATE**—After your name, renew promptly, and not miss a number. The Postal regulations require subscriptions to be paid in advance.

The payroll of the army is now something more than \$2,600,000 a day.

Do the women who have been picking the White House feel like fools or flatter themselves that they have gained a point?

The State Road Commission has refused to accept the Paris pike out of Winchester because the bridges are not of concrete.

A manufacturer of baby carriages in New York asked exemption from Class I on the ground that his business "was indispensable to the country." A decision was deferred.

Four German officials of the Hamburg American line have received prison sentences of from one year to 18 months for unlawfully sending supplies to German cruisers early in the war.

For the woman suffrage resolution 104 Democrats and 165 Republicans voted aye and 102 Democrats and 33 Republicans voted no. Five of the 6 scattering votes were in the affirmative.

A compulsory enforcement of wheatless days is provided in a bill now before congress. This is necessary in order to let the allies have 90,000,000 bushels of wheat in addition to the export allowance.

Representative Gray, of New Jersey, replied to Miss Rankin's speech in explaining her vote for woman suffrage by reminding her that she voted against war and her country and that the proper function of women was "the rearing of children."

Swift & Co., the Chicago meat packers, made 34.65 per cent. profits last year as compared with 20.46 per cent. in 1916, on \$100,000,000 capital. In other words, the public paid them \$25,000,000 above a ten per cent profit on meat.

There were 645 cases of sickness at Camp Taylor during the week ending Jan. 4 as compared with 608 the previous week. Among the Kentucky-Indiana soldiers at Camp Shelby the same week there were 262 cases as compared with 265 the week before.

Italy has a new hero—Sergeant G. Morini. While on patrol duty at Udine he stopped an auto containing four Germans, one of them General Berrer. His first shot killed the General. Two of the others leaped out and fled and the fourth grappled with Morini, who subdued and captured him in a rough and tumble fight. Later he was wounded and sent to a hospital in Milan.

The legislatures of 7 States are in session this year but the real campaign for ratifying the prohibition amendment, and also the women suffrage amendment if it gets through the Senate, will come next year. The legislatures of 41 States will be elected this year and will deal with these problems next year. It takes 36 States to put the amendments into effect and this may be done without the questions being submitted to a direct vote of the people.

## Milking Excited Him.

Henry, aged six, who had just been in the barn watching his uncle milk the cows, went in the house filled with excitement and sat down to eat his breakfast. Later when mother asked him why he didn't drink his coffee, he replied, "Oh, mother, I forgot to milk it!"

## THE MISSING WILL

By MARIE HAMMOND.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Well, my children, I've made my will."

Boyd Hartley looked interested and his wife, Nettie, curious. Both, however, were too eager to welcome their visitor to think of anything outside of kindly attentions. Boyd helped his wife's uncle remove his overcoat, while Nettie placed his tall silk hat and cane upon the hat rack.

"Yes, sir," resumed Uncle William Cass, as they led him into the bright and cozy sitting room and he snuffed the evening meal appetizingly. "I just went to Mr. Byrd, my lawyer, and had the matter settled once for all."

Ever since they were married, every Tuesday evening Mr. Cass had come to visit his dead wife's niece and her husband. He would take supper with them and usually stay all night. Boyd was not earning a large salary, and every Wednesday the old man would return the compliment by sending them a hamper of provisions. The evening passed in the pleasant home of the attentive couple who really cared for him unselfishly, was a marked event in the routine of Uncle William. He seemed happy and relieved, almost lolly, upon this special evening. He declared that supper had never tasted so good, and when Nettie placed him in the most comfortable arm chair in the house and started the talking machine, the old man sank back with a sigh of comfort and peaceful enjoyment.

"I'll help Nettie get the dishes out of the way, uncle," said Boyd, "so we can be together right away," and joined his wife in her usual task. Brisk and active, Nettie had her part of the work done before her less able assistant had finished putting away the knives and forks. She removed her apron and ran into the sitting room.

"Now for a nice evening, uncle," Boyd heard her say, and then there was a wild scream.

"What is it, Nettie?" spoke Boyd, startled.

"Oh, Boyd! Come here! Come here!" gasped Nettie in a frightened voice.

Uncle William lay back in the chair, motionless. There was a set smile upon his face, but he was dead. The old man had passed away without a struggle amid the homage of honest, loyal hearts and rare home comfort.

They buried him from their own little home. Martin Evans was there, sullen looking and bored. The lawyer called the day after the funeral. Reverently Nettie had taken the old gold-headed cane and the familiar silk hat of her uncle and stored them away, as precious relics, in an unused wardrobe in the attic. Mr. Byrd was very serious when he informed Nettie that they had been unable to find the will.

"It was sealed, attested and witnessed at my office the day of his death," he said. "I do not know all the contents, but I am aware of the general legacies my client planned to make. We have searched his safety deposit box, at the old home, but have discovered no trace of the will."

Finally Martin Evans made application to the court as nearest of kin of the deceased and was awarded the estate. His spendthrift policy began at once to develop. He squandered what was left of a liquid character, then he mortgaged the store building. He would have done the same with the homestead and farm, but Mr. Byrd said:

"You can draw the income from the farm and live in the old home, but I will not consent to any loan or sale. I hear you have farmed out that poor little outcast child you agreed to care for, and have put him in charge of a wretched couple addicted to drink and who are abusive to the child."

Boyd sought out Evans.

"See here, Evans," he said, "I've a favor to ask of you."

"If it's to borrow or beg, don't waste your time," growled Evans.

"It is neither. Nettie is lonesome, we love children, and if you will turn little Alan over to us legally we will adopt him."

"Will I? Sure!" said Evans. "Good riddance to bad rubbish."

Little Alan was a welcome delight to the childless couple. He thrived mightily under loving care and comfort. He was eight years old when, one day, his active investigating spirit led him to ransack the garret. He located the cherished cane and silk hat in the old wardrobe. Nettie, returning home from a neighbor's, with consternation observed Alan parading down the street a square distant, leading a band of urchins. Uncle William's high hat was on his head, Uncle William's cane in his hand. She hurried her steps, but before she reached the culprit a crowd of other boys appeared, deprived little Alan of his spoils and proceeded to institute a game of "shinny," using the hat for the ball and the cane as the club. That evening Nettie detailed the circumstance of the hour. Boyd examined the hat.

"Pretty badly stove in, and inside band torn loose. I think you can sew that up, Nettie. Hello!"

"What is it, Boyd," inquired his wife, as Boyd, turning back the sweat-band revealed a folded paper it had held in place. He opened it carefully, for its folded edges were creased and soiled. Then his eyes snapped.

"Nettie," he said animatedly, "it's Uncle William's will."

It was a vengeful trick of fate, that the little outcast Martin Evans had turned adrift should be the means of divesting him of the inheritance unlawfully appropriated.

## CONSTIPATION

And Sour Stomach Caused This  
Lady Much Suffering. Black-  
Draught Relieved.

Meadowville, Ky.—Mrs. Pearl Patrick, of this place, writes: "I was very constipated. I had sour stomach and was so uncomfortable. I went to the doctor. He gave me some pills. They weakened me and seemed to tear up my digestion. They would gripe me and afterwards it seemed I was more constipated than before."

I heard of Black-Draught and decided to try it. I found it just what I needed. It was an easy laxative, and not bad to swallow. My digestion soon improved. I got well of the sour stomach, my bowels soon seemed normal, no more griping, and I would take a dose now and then, and was in good shape."

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FOR FLETCHER'S  
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## DEPTH AT WHICH SHIPS SINK

Any Heavy Body Will Go to the Bottom, Since Water is Nearly Incompressible, Is Claim.

One of the most frequent inquiries in relation to the sinking of vessels is "Does a vessel that sinks go to the bottom?" Replying to such questions the Scientific American says:

"The belief seems to be widely held that at a certain depth an iron ship or an iron ball will remain suspended, floating about and never reaching the bottom. These inquiries evidently confuse weight and pressure. A body sinks in a fluid when it weighs more than the fluid which it displaces, which evidently has the same volume as the body. For this reason any heavy body will go to the bottom in water, since water is nearly incompressible."

An engineer of high repute took exception to this statement, asserting that at a depth of 33.7 miles water would be as dense as cast iron, and therefore cast iron would float at that depth. The Scientific American exposed the fallacy of this argument, and now publishes a letter from "an authority connected with the geographical laboratory, Washington," containing calculations of the specific gravity of water at depths up to 26 miles. These prove that if there be water at any such depths it is frozen solid in the dense form of ice, frozen by the pressure of the water above it, since the freezing point of water is lowered by pressure.

## HIS IDEA



Wiz—I see by this paper that more than one-half of the world's population is feminine.

Nix—I don't believe it. If it were so how do you account for the fact that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives?

## FIFTY THOUSAND AN HOUR.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for a song is quite a neat, but not gaudy sum for a half hour's work. That is what George M. Cohan earned for his war song "Over There," which he dashed off in exactly 30 minutes, says a New York correspondent. He sold it to a New York music publisher for that sum. The price of \$25,000 represents \$161 a word and \$138 a note. A complete opera such as one by Puccini, for instance, is frequently valued at \$15,000. The highest previous payments per word for writing were \$1 to Kipling and \$2 to Col. Theodore Roosevelt. But it took a war jingle, done in half an hour, to run the price up to \$161 a word.

## HARD WORK.

"A public official is very much overworked in times like these."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.

"The way they campaign now, after a man's elected he's likely to have to manage a few libel suits in addition to holding down his regular job."

## APPROPRIATE.

"They were a long time putting up a monument to their comrade."

"That was all right. Wasn't it, after all, a tardy tribute to a late friend?"

## AUTOMOBILE TROUBLES.

"I hear you've got a portable garage."

"Yes, and now I wish my automobile were portable."—Judge.

## BEING AN ANGEL.

"Why are you going into the aviation service?"

"Might as well fly here, as hereafter."—Orange Peel.

## CHANCE FOR TROUBLE.

"Who wrote the libretto of that musical comedy?"

"Are you looking for him, too?"—Judge.

## We Don't Solicit

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## THE ACME MILLS.

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Among the many monuments to General Sherman, the one situated in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, is a most unique, compelling design. The very character of its architecture seems to emphasize the faithful and honorable spirit of this old warrior.



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